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clockwise from previous page: STEPHANIE WYLDE EVA & SANDRA PHYLLISHA ANNE CHEYENNE HUNTER RHEINA SHINE LANA SKY































































STOP STARING

And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Wednesday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my huge delicious boobs.

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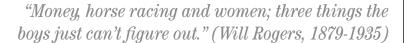
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horsing around in Louisville

THE DERBY WAS ON SATURDAY BUT THE HORSE AND JOCKEY WEREN'T QUITE READY

I'm writing because I know your magazine because my husband subscribes to it. I'm a petite young looking 52-year old and I would like to tell you about a little (no pun intended) affair I had. I've been with Derrick for only two years and this happened four years ago, so he wasn't even in the picture. He knows about it and encouraged me to share it with your readers.

I'm about 5 foot 2 and 105 pounds with strawberry blonde hair, a nice rack and a bit of a booty. I grew up in the mid-south and have been around racing horses my whole life. It was 2010 and I was in Louis-

ville in May for the Derby. The weather for a couple weeks prior to the derby was wet most of the time. jockeys couldn't get enough time on the sloppy track and mostly sat around the clubhouse playing cards. I am a horse groomer from a grooming family. My great grandfather started it in the twenties and we've been doing it ever since. I'm the first female in the family to do it. So I've been around stables, horses and jockeys my whole life.

I was grooming one of the nineteen or so (one scratched early) horses (not the eventual winner, Super Saver) competing in that year's race. It was few days before the race and the weather had broken for a few hours. Most of the jockeys were able to get a run in, including mine at the very end before the rain hit. He made it back to the stables soaking wet and the horse full of mud up to his belly. I gathered up my hoses and brushes and was ready to clean him up. The jockey, Anthony, walked him into the stables and to his stall at the end of the barn. I was already there standing with brush in hand and a big warm smile for Anthony. I told him I was sorry the rain cut his run short, but he said it went well and has confident the horse would perform well on Derby day.



There are many beautiful horse farms, stables and women in Louisville. They always seem hot to trot when the mood hits. And that is often and anywhere.

We took the horse into the stall and closed the big gate behind us. After unbridling and unsaddling the horse, I tied him down. Anthony sat on a bale of strapped hay in the corner of the stall. Before I started grooming the horse, I went over to Anthony and helped him take off his riding boots. I straddled his leg, back to him, and pulled them off one at a time. As I finished with the second one, he grabbed my hips and pulled me down on his lap. He then reached up and cupped his hands over my breasts. Needless to say, I was quite surprised and didn't know what to do. I had never been approached by any jockey, ever. In the moment, I was trying to decide whether to slap



I cum all over him and as I do he follows, shooting his big, warm load into my mouth. I spit it out onto the hay and get off him like I was getting off a saddle.

him or not, he slipped a hand inside my shirt and was feeling for my nipple. I stood up quickly and that action ripped a couple buttons off my blouse. He bent down looking for them as I tried to close my shirt.

That gave me time to think. As he finds them and stands up to give them to me, I am "angry" and push him down on the hay. He doesn't know what to think as I take a couple steps forward with my brush clutched in my hand. He looks up at me as I'm now standing over him at the foot of the bale. After a moment of glaring at him, I reach down and pull his belt off. And then undo his pants, reach in, grab his cock and squeeze. He gives out a muffled groan and as I'm

holding it, it begins to get hard. With my free hand I pull off his pants and grab his balls and squeeze. I tell him that if he ever does that again, I would rip these off him and feed it to the horse. His eyes get wide with fear and he stutters that he won't. I begin to walk away and look back to see him clutching his dick and balls. I laugh, turn around and go back to him, take his hands away from his privates and get down on my knees in front of him.

I open his legs, get in between them and push him down on the hay. I take his now-hard cock and begin to stroke it. His expression changes from one of fear to one of humble smiles. I bend over and begin to lick his shaft as I keep my eyes on him. His cock head goes into my mouth and I cup his

balls gently. No hard squeezing this time. With my lips firmly around his cock, I straighten up a little to take my shirt and bra off. I play with my breasts and nipples as I suck him off. I deep throat him and lick his balls at the same time. Anthony is now laying all the way back enjoying the attention. I slip off my jeans and panties and climb up on the bale bypassing his

dick and squat down on his face. I push my pussy into his face and begin grinding it into him. I feel his nose on my clit as he sticks his tongue into my pussy. I get off and turn around into a reverse cowgirl and grab his dick again. I pump it up and down as his hands circle around my hips and pulls me harder onto his face. Bending over, I begin sucking him and playing with his balls. We're sixty-nining on the hay and going at it like a pair of young bucks.

I cum all over him and as I do he follows, shooting his big, warm load into my mouth. I spit it out onto the hay and get off him like I was getting off a saddle. Standing in front of him, I reiterate what I said earlier. "If you do that again, I'll feed it to the horse." I laughed, grabbed my brush and slapped him across his dick. I abandon my ride and return to the horse and do my job. Out of the corner of my eye, I see him slink out of the stall.

It's now early morning, a couple days before the Derby, and Anthony is at the stall prepping the horse before taking him out for his daily run. I walk in with all my stuff and spend a moment talking to him, telling



him that I think he'll have a great run today and wish him the best. I smile encouragingly and give him a kiss on the cheek and tell him I'll be waiting for him and the horse here when they finish.

While they're out running the track, I have all these wickedly delicious thoughts about what I want to do



with him. What I really want is my hands on his naked body. I'd start at his calves and rub every muscle very slowly until I feel him melt. And you know I can't keep my hands off his ass. I'd make sure to rub it hard so I don't miss a single muscle. His neck gets a lot of attention too, but then I can't keep my fingers out of your hair. It is so silky and slides through my fingers as I massage his scalp. His body is so relaxed. Sometimes I use my fingertips, and sometimes I use my fingernails. I brush across his skin from his hands to his shoulders. My hands meet in the middle and trace circles across his spine. The circles go lower and lower until my fingernails are dragging across his ass. One finger slides between his ass cheeks slowly. Then my finger is gone.

I awaken from my daydream as Anthony walks the horse into the stall. I collect myself and ask how the run went. He said it was great and felt his chances for the Derby looked pretty good. I walk over to him and whisper in his ear that if he goes and takes a shower, I'd be here in the stall waiting for him. He runs out and within ten minutes returns in his sweats. In the meantime, I had stacked a few bales high to make a wall so not to be seen from the door. I laid out a blanket on the floor behind it and took his hand and led

him back there. I said we have to be quiet and find myself getting undressed. I take off my shirt and his eyes fall to the tops of my breasts above my bra. I slide my jeans and the rest of my clothes to the floor and stand there naked. Anthony has disrobed also and I can feel his eyes on my body. I see his cock twitching as I let him look at me. My nipples harden as he stares at me.

I hear his breathing start to change, and I can't help but smile. My finger slides down to his inner thigh where I graze his balls. I kneel between his legs, forcing them to spread wider. Now my whole hand can caress his balls because I love the way they feel. My right hand trails a path from his balls to the top of your ass. I slowly slide a finger down his ass crack, pausing to feel how tight he is, and then move on. This teasing is driving you crazy. I begin massaging Anthony's ass with my hand and one finger slides between his cheeks. I can feel his tight hole, but I go slow, building his anticipation. My finger circles around his hole as you push your ass toward me. His eyes are closed and his breathing is fast.

Eye-level with his cock, I grab it hard and put it in my mouth. My tongue swirls around it as I look at him. I slide his cock in and out of my mouth, and slide my finger just barely inside him and then stop. I love the way he pushes his ass against my finger. It just shows how much he wants this. So I push again and feel my finger slide in a little further before I stop. I begin rubbing his ass with my hand as my finger begins slowly pushing into him. Suddenly he pushes against my finger and it slides inside to the knuckle. I don't move my finger as I grab his cock with my other hand. I begin jacking him off slowly, never moving my finger in his ass. I reach between my legs. I place my hand back on his cock. I begin jacking him off again while his cock is covered with my silky wetness. My hand slides easily around his cock as my finger in his ass begins to fuck him in the same rhythm. My hands are stroking his, fucking his, and making him cum. I slide my finger out of his ass I caress my breasts, smearing his cum across me. His fingers roll my nipple between them, and I can't help but moan as I cum without being fucked.

I tell him to get dressed. It's time for me to get back to the horse. I told him that if he won the Derby, I would be his to do with whatever he wanted. I watched the race. Anthony did not win on that Saturday.



































HOW WE HEARD IT

50+: Hello Cheyenne. How have you been? It's been a couple years.

Cheyenne: I'm doing great. How bout you? Yes, it's been a couple. I remember we last spoke in Los Angeles when I was on this big movie shoot.

50+: We talked for a couple of hours while you were in make up. Lotsa fun. How did the shoot go for you?

Cheyenne: Oh it went fine. Mostly the same old stuff but I met some nice people and they booked me for a few more movies after that.

50+: We are here now and I need to know what you've been doing besides those movies.

Cheyenne: I've been working for several companies and doing a lot of photo shoots. I've been traveling around the country doing appearances. And I just returned from a long vacation in Cabo. That was really invigorating.

50+: Sounds like you had a good time doing nothing.

Cheyenne: Yeah, I did almost nothing for a few weeks.

50+: But now you're back to work?

Cheyenne: Actually I start this weekend back in Los Angeles. My call time is at 10 am. I'm glad it's not at 5am. 50+: And what, may we ask, will you be doing?

Cheyenne: I have a scene with two other girls and my date. A mini-orgy. 50+: Now that really sounds like fun. Care to elaborate.

Cheyenne: It's a nightclub scene and I'm there with my two girlfriends and a guy – my date. We get a little tipsy and start to kiss on each other in a large corner booth. After the last bottle of champagne is brought to out table, I'm suppose to take it and accidently on purpose spill it on my two friends. Our clothes get wet and we start to take them off.

50+: How convenient.

Cheyenne: Isn't it. Then we're suppose to start getting it on with each other. We'll do it on the table, in the booth, and for the conclusion, the crowd is suppose to cheer us onto the dance floor where we finish our little sex act.

50+: The director must have some imagination.

Chevenne: It was actually my idea. He



had us going into the bathroom and doing it there, but that was so old hat. I suggested that we do it right there in the club and let the audience watch. He thought that was great spin on it and wrote it into the script.

50+: Sounds like you might have a little director in you – pardon the pun.

Cheyenne: Ha, ha. But you know, I would like to direct. I've been in this business for more many years and I want to share my experience in and I think I can make a pretty good movie if I put my mind to it. I think I have some good ideas.

50+: Would you care to share one or two of them with us.

Cheyenne: Well, I'll confess that I was in Key West writing script outlines. I'm taking a class in script writing. As the director, you must know everyone else's job, too.

50+: It pays to be well rounded.

Cheyenne: So one of my ideas is to do a movie at a dinosaur dig site. The pale-ontologists discover this new fossil and they all celebrate – with sex.

50+: Wow, I'd like to be on that dig!

Cheyenne: It's not quite that simple or that quick, but there is a lot of hanky panky going on in the tents and in the dig pit. In the first sex scene, I'm going to have two of the girls on the dig eating each other out and having sex using one of the bones they found as a dildo. Cool, huh? Then the lead digger, as I like to call him, gets blackmailed by the museum's lady rep by a blow job. But not just any bj. She does him in the dig pit and has her assistant assist. They pin him against the wall and you'll be able to see the creature's mouth right next to his dick, so I'll cut back and forth with shots of the girls' mouths open about to suck his dick with the dinosaur's mouth. Like they are the monster. Pretty cool, huh?

50+: That sounds like some pretty Jurrasicly cool stuff.

Cheyenne: Yeah, isn't it? There are a few more sex scenes, including one that has a couple of the diggers fucking in a jeep with a sandstorm raging all around. 50+: That sounds ambitious, How are you going to manage a big dust storm?

Cheyenne: I'm talking to CGI guys to see if they can do it. They say they can but want to be there on the set to take notes and check angles and other stuff.





50+: They're trying to get on a porn set.

Cheyenne: That's okay. I don't mind. They too might learn something. Maybe we can even give one a bj.

50+: That's quite generous of you. And what other type of movie will you make?

Cheyenne: I have a great idea to do a take on *The Grapes of Wrath*.

50+: *The Grapes of Wrath*? By John Steinbeck?

Cheyenne: Oh, you've heard of it. (chuckles) Yeah, that's the one. Those people had such a hard time that I imagine the only reprieve from such a hard life had to be sex, and lots of it.

50+: This should be interesting. Can you describe a scene for me?

Cheyenne: Sure, there is a family struggling to make a living and they are working the fields. They work hard all day for the man, but cannot afford any type of entertainment; movies, ball games, even dinner out at a restaurant. There is an old guy in a wheelchair, kinda the patriarch, who convinces the women who do not go to the fields to put on a sexy show for their guys after they come home. It's seems like a natural way to relieve the men of their tiring and stressful days while providing some entertainment for both sexes. Cool idea, huh? I haven't yet decided if the men will join in the sex or just leave it to the girls to perform.

50+: We have to admit, that's a pretty unusual idea for an adult film.

Cheyenne: Yeah, pretty cool, huh? For the ending I'll have the farm owner come to their house and walk in on the festivities. I'm thinking he'll come into the house and the women will do a reverse gangbang on him. He'll have no choice but to raise everyone's wages, then they'll all get Mercedes and go out to movies and have dinner at expensive restaurants – and stop having sex. Kinda like real life, huh?

50+: Cheyenne, this has been an unusual and enlightening conversation. I think you're on your way to directorial stardom with ideas like that. Will I get an invitation to the sets?

Cheyenne: Of course you will. A VIP pass to the set and I'll personally autograph my script and give you credit in the movie as a consultant and maybe even a bj on the side if you like.

50+: Cool huh? Yes, I would like! Now can I please watch you walk away?





























Amazing Nicole,

I saw your cover of 40 plus with Nicole Moore on it and, I have to tell you, she looks amazing.

I love her look and, man, those boobs. I love big boobs and she seems like she likes hers, too. If I could, if she would allow me, I would take her on a trip to Europe. We could visit Paris and the Riviera. I know she probably would not sleep with me since it would be our first trip together, but if we went to the Riviera, I could at least see her topless at the beach.

And, initially that would be great for me. I have tried to imagine laying on a beach chair as she emerges from the ocean with her hair wet and water dripping off her breasts. She would come over to my chair and I would take the beach towel and dry her off, lingering on her chest to get every drop. Then she would ask me to rub suntan lotion on her and I would oblige. I'd get only the good stuff, because that's what she deserves.

Can you extend an invitation to her on my behalf?



NICE and NASTY NICOLE

Hi Nicole. My name is Alek. I'm writing to you in care of this magazine. Hopefully this letter will get to you. Anyway, the reason I'm writing you is that I haven't ever written to any women from a magazine before, but I just had to write you. Your beauty is mind-boggling. I now have to limit myself at looking at your layout. Sometimes while driving, your photos fill up the windshield in my mind. I look at the nice ones and the nastier ones. You know how daydreaming helps get you through the day? Well you helped me. Anyway, I'm not going into details, but just to be in your presence would be a dream come true for me.

Peter on Interstate 95

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I've included my address and phone number if she would like to call me and let me know if she will go. I'll pay for everything and even pick her up in a limo. We'll go to St. Tropez and stay for a week and then back to Paris for another week in the City of Lights. I know she can't refuse an invitation like that! Please contact me so I can book the airline tickets.

Royce G., Manhattan

Kendra's Kool

I picked up a copy of your magazine and after looking at Kendra, I had to write you. She is one of the hottest older ladies I have ever seen. She's hot and sexy and hot. I love those big breasts and full figure. No skinny waifs for me. I want a complete woman with a healthy appetite for food and sex. She looks like she could take a pussy pounding, roll over and let you stick it in her ass. The harder you push those buttcheeks, they harder they would push back.

She seems flexible and acrobatic in her sex shots. Now that has to be a turn on right there. I keep in

But a full-breasted woman dripping wet in the shower with soap running down her body and wet hair around her face, I can almost cum just writing about it.

good shape just waiting to find a gal like that. I want to feel her hot skin next to mine. I want to see her stand on her head while I eat her out. I want to bend her over backwards and pump that pussy. I want to do a vertical sixty-nine with her standing in the sands by the ocean. I want to make her cum over and over again. And if that isn't enough, I want to do it to her all over again!

Robert, Miami

Shower Sex

I was thumbing through your 50+ issue and have an idea for a pictorial for your photographer to shoot: a couple having sex in the shower. I had to write you because I have a shower sex fantasy and that pictorial would just really get me off. My dream girl is a long-hair brunette with nice full boobs and a little bit older because I have found that older women make better

lovers. They usually don't have hang-ups about sex or trying new stuff, because they have probably already done it.

They also are ready to please a man where as younger women want to please them selves or just get it over with and then leave because they have things to do, like meet their girlfriends at the mall. What I especially like is when a woman can lick her own boobs and

even better, if they can suck their own nipple. That's a real turn on to me and if she is sitting on my hard cock and doing that, I can really get off.

But a full-breasted woman dripping wet in the shower with soap running down her body and wet hair around her face, I can almost cum just writing about it. Then the guy would get his cock sucked as water streams down her back and into her butt

crack as she's kneeling on the floor for the bj. Then her would get behind her and fuck her from the back with a bunch of close-ups showing his wet cock going into her wetter pussy and ass. Then the money shot would be on her face as the splooge and water mix and flow into her mouth.

Hey, just wanted to say thank you in advance for a hot pictorial. Drop me a line and let me know when you're going to print it so I can go out and buy several copies. My address is on the envelope.

Oren, Cleveland









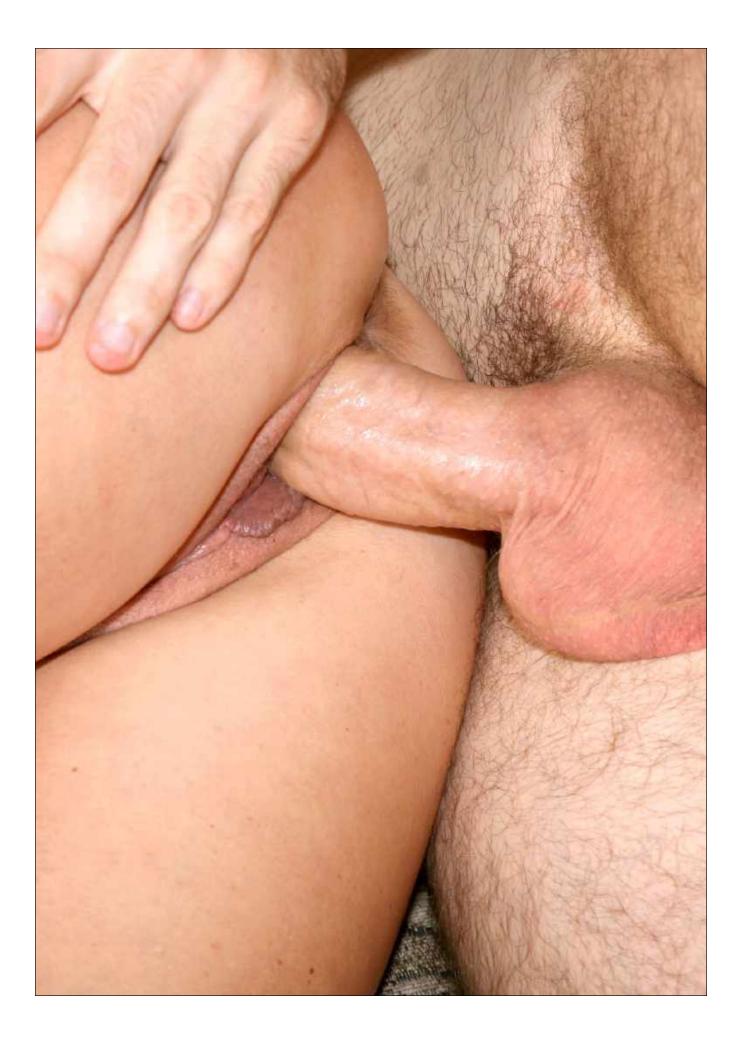


























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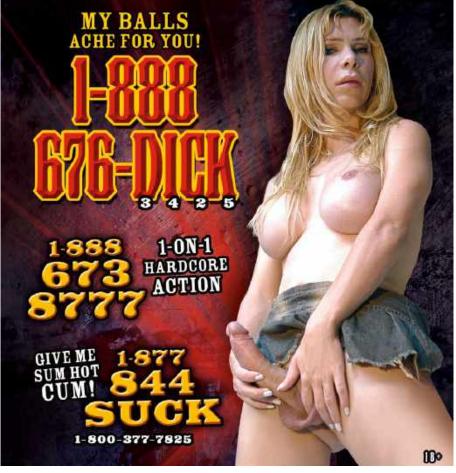
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50+

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